

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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TO ALL FAITHFUL SOULS.

I.

What was his name? I do not know his
name,
I only know he heard God's voice and came,
Brought all he loved across the sea,
To live and work for God and me;
Felled the ungracious oak;
Dragged from the soil
With horrid toil
The thrice-gnarled roots, and stubborn rock
With plenty piled the haggard mountain
side,
And at the end without memorial died.
No blaring trumpet sounded out his fame.
He lived,—he died,—I do not know his
name.

II.

No form of bronze and no memorial stones
Show me the place where lie his mouldering
bones.
Only a cheerful city stands,
Built by his hardened hands.
Only ten thousand homes,
Where every day
The cheerful play
Of love and hope and courage comes.
These are his monument, and these alone.
There is no form of bronze and no memorial
stone.

III.

And I?

Is there some desert or some pathless sea
Where Thou, good God of angels, wilt send
me?

Some oak for me to rend; some sod,
Some rock for me to break;
Some handful of His corn to take
And scatter far afield,
Till it in turn shall yield
Its hundred fold
Of grains of gold,

To feed the waiting children of my God.
Show me the desert, Father, or the sea.
Is it thine enterprise? Great God, send me.
And, though this body lies where ocean rolls,
Count me among all Faithful Souls.

—*Edward Everett Hale.*

A REMEDY FOR LOW SPIRITS.

The Apostle Paul speaks of being "Cast
down, but not destroyed." Paul is the hero
of history whose experiences we can take
for our own whenever we need courage or
strength in times of depression. It seems
that he suffered physically from ill health.
There is that "thorn in the flesh" which
always was with him.

Then Paul often knew the horror of lone-
liness, and of loneliness after he had been in
the society of those he loved. He would
have to send his companions away from
him on this and that errand, and find him-
self without personal friendship or sym-
pathy.

It is in the course of a life that had so
much to perplex and depress that Paul shows
all along that the words of this passage are
true. When he is cast down, he is not de-
stroyed, his courage is unfailing. To take
our modern word, his pluck is always equal
to the emergency.

If we are determined that we are not to
be cowed by this and that circumstance, we
must begin by studying what, in our good
language, we call "low spirits." We are
to look upon such an attack, I should say,
rather as a warning or symptom of disease;
and I am apt to say that this symptom is
sent to us in exceeding kindness, that we
may in time reform something which is wrong.

If we listen in time to the signal which is given us, most often we shall find that there is not life enough to carry on the machinery of living. The machines have been running on with force previously gained, without accession.

You cast up figures in the counting-room so listlessly, you hardly bring yourself to care whether the totals come right or wrong; for there is not will enough in you to force you up to alacrity, there is not motive enough to start your will. Now this is to say that there is not life enough to create will, which is the sign of life.

Now the low spirits, or the fit of the blues, comes as the gentle warning while there is time, the sure indication or symptom that the life—the centre of your being, which should make you lord of such trifles as are now lording it over you—is wanting.

But it is easy to imagine the protest made in reply to this diagnosis of our disease. "No power with which to live!" cries the patient, indignantly. "You say I had not life enough! If you had seen and heard me as last week went by, you would have thought I had life enough."

Where there is life enough to carry the machine, the machine needs balance. It needs the adjustment of part to part, of motive to motive, the use of every faculty. The overuse of one means the neglect of another. And, really, I might as well run a race with one leg as spend a week in using one set of resources only, and giving to all the others the go-by.

You and I have even known men and women who have given a week, or more than a week, to constant effort to hold the godly soul up to what they thought an angelic plane. A morning service in this church, a season for prayer in another. The reaction of dejection, low spirits, life ebbing away, is just as sure as in all the other cases—and just as disgraceful. It has no justification.

I am a living man or living woman. This means that I am a soul born of God, to whose care and use he has given two engines, called body and mind. There are, then, three first questions to ask before we go into more detail. Have I given all my time and force to the exercise and duty of this soul, and have I neglected mind and body? Those people at their religious revival certainly have. They have forgotten that they had bodies. They have acted and spoken as if they had no minds. Because of this they are dispirited. The Holy Spirit himself cannot and will not inspire them, until they turn round, repent, and reform.

The surrender of two parts of real life to the

tyrannical exercise of one part which has been made supreme—want of balance—is working the ruin. And conscience, startled and hardly knowing at first the cause of the difficulty, rings her warning bell. The warning comes in what we call "the blues," a term of depression or of low spirits. Low spirits, indeed! There is generally no spirit: life is merely mechanical.

Self-examination is always risky. And nine times out of ten it is better to look out than to look in. Not to be feeling your own pulse; not to be looking at your own tongue; least of all to rake over the ash-heaps of last week to hunt for the burnt-out cinders of sin, forgiven and forgotten. But I ought to grant that your conscience-bell, your fit of low spirits, does call on you to run the engine as you have not been running it. Matt. Greene says in his poem on the subject that generally you have been doing nothing; you have been brooding, sitting still; and that what you need is action. It is there that that fine line comes in, which is almost a proverb,—

"Throw but a stone—the giant dies."

Do something. And if you have been doing something, do something different.

God made you with ears, and you have not been hearing music. Go and find some one who will play for you. Or you have been besotting yourself with too much music. God made you with eyes, and you have used them only on the fine print of your newspaper or novel. Go out of the house and study the shapes of snowflakes or the movements of the stars. God gave you a heart with its treasury of affection, and you have used them up on the fancied woes of Amanda and Darioleta, or the fancied victories of Fitz Mortimer and Lord Frederic. Throw the book into the fire, and go report to the Associated Charities that you want five hard cases of suffering, where you can open some blind eyes and bring good tidings to some who have a right to be dejected.

For, to sum this all up in a word, you are not a machine, you are not a thing. You control, or you should control, a thing which is called the body and another thing—a slave, if you please—which is called the mind. These servants of yours have many powers, and you are to use, to magnify them all. Nay, yours are different from any other set that ever was created. Your Darwin taught you that. And it is your business to make the very best of each of these peculiarities, that it may stand, as this very Paul says once so bravely, so proudly. Hands that can write? Write. Feet that can dance?

Dance. Voice that can sing? Sing. Heart that can feel? Feel. Can you remember? Remember. Can you argue? Argue. Can you learn? Learn. Can you help? Help—everywhere and by all means. I am made all things unto all men, as this same Paul says so triumphantly.

But who can do this? Who is sufficient for this? Shall we gather grapes of fig-trees? Who can turn from closet-study to an outdoor tramp, and from an outdoor tramp to the service of the State, from music to literature, or from literature to music? Who can be all things to all men?

You are a child of God. You inherit his infinite capacity for life on the abundant and infinite range. Did he light up the stars? You can study that light, can analyze it and tell me its law. Did he scatter the seeds of the elm-tree and of the lichen? You can follow his planting, you can carry the little elm-tree from the river bank, and it shall grow to shade your children and theirs. You and he work together. This is to be inspired by his Spirit. This is what we mean when we talk of consecrated life. If we live in the Spirit, says Paul, let us walk in the Spirit. If we are sons and daughters of God, let us assert our privileges and use our powers.

They found the son of the emperor cleaning out a stable, where he had been lost as a baby in the sedition. They brought him to the palace, they dressed him as a prince is dressed, and they taught him how to enter on his father's affairs. And you and I? They taught our fathers that they were worms of the dust. They said to them that they were not capable of good. But you and I know better. We know that we are his children. That he enjoys our joy. That we can enter into his life. To enter it, to enter into it in a thousand of its works, and to share in a thousand of its successes, is to admit his Spirit to the sway of our affairs. When we do that, there are no low spirits in our day.—*Edward Everett Hale.*

THE STILL HOUR.

Father Almighty, who has made me man,
And bade me look to heaven, for thou art
there!

Accept my sacrifice and humble prayer.
Four things which are not in thy treasury
I lay before thee, Lord, with this petition:
My nothingness, my wants,
My sins, and my contrition. —*Southey.*

Father! In this one word what con-
soling, strengthening, ennobling truth is

wrapped up! In this single view of God, how much is there to bind us to him with strong, indissoluble, ever-growing love, and to make worship not only our chief duty, but our highest privilege and joy! The Father! Can it be that "the High and Holy One who inhabiteth eternity," "the Lord of heaven and earth," bears to us this relation, reveals himself under his name, and that we, so weak and erring, may approach him with the hope of children?—*Channing.*

Never trample on any soul, though it may be lying in the veriest mire; for that last spark of self-respect is its only chance; the last seed of a new and better life:—the voice of God that whispers to it, "You are not what you ought to be, and you are not what you can be. You are still God's child, still an immortal soul. You may rise yet and fight a good fight, and be a man once more, after the likeness of God who made you and Christ who died for you!"—*Charles Kingsley.*

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Many years ago, the Queen and the Prince Consort wanted to add to their stud some horses of pure Arab. breed, and they commissioned Lord Hay to proceed to Arabia with that object. Lord Hay with his suite received a passport from the Turkish Minister in London, and, on arriving in the desert, was conducted some way into the interior. Here he met the chief sheik of the district, and was invited into his tent to take coffee, and smoke. The sheik looked upon his guest with disdain. No words passed until Lord Hay happened to make some remark, when the sheik exclaimed, "What does the Christian dog say?" Lord Hay turned to him and said, "Why do you call Christians dogs?" The reply was, "Because they do not follow the religion of Allah, and never pray." Lord Hay then asked permission to recite one of the prayers used by all Christians. A reluctant assent being given, the Lord's Prayer was slowly and deliberately recited in the sheik's own language.

During the recital, the sheik's eyes dilated, and the expression of his face changed to one of wonder and admiration. Having heard it through, he stood up, raised his hands towards Heaven, and swore by Allah that he would never again call the Christians dogs, that thenceforth their prayer should be his prayer, that he would teach it to his tribe and extend its use to all who came under his influence.

On his return home, Lord Hay published an account of his mission. It is upwards of

fifty years since I read his interesting little book, but the above incident made so strong an impression on me that I have related it whenever opportunity occurred. We are beginning to take a more tolerant view of the old religions, and this view is justified by that most suggestive utterance of Peter, that "God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted of him."—*C. Tomlinson.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.]

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

OFFERS.

Please address Mrs. E. E. Hudson, 2 Maple Place, Jamaica Plain, Mass., for any of the following: Latin text-books, including Ovid, Cicero, and Nepos; Greek, German, and French text-books; Rhetorics, Algebras, Arithmetics, and Language Lessons.

The Cambridge Branch offers the following books. Address Miss M. A. Vinal, 20 Lowell Street, Cambridge, Mass.: "Those Delightful Americans"; "The Christmas Holly"; "The Musician, Guide for Pianoforte Students"; "The Haunts of Familiar Characters in History of Literature"; "Donovan," Edna Lyall; "The White Hills," T. Starr King; "Life of Josiah Quincy"; "Memorial Addresses," Governor Andrew; "The Rescue of an Old Place"; "The Days of Auld Lang Syne," Ian Maclaren; "Politics for Young Americans," Nordhoff; "Gems of English Art"; "Eighteen Christian Centuries"; "Don Orsino," Crawford; "Memorial of Alice and Phebe Cary"; "Great Violinists and Pianists"; "Lyra Sacra Americana"; "Great French and Italian Composers"; "Gallagher and Other Stories"; "The Love of Parson Lord," etc., Mary Wilkins; French and German text-books, stories, etc.; *Harper's* for 1909; *Atlantic*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, for 1902, *Good Housekeeping*, 1900.

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. Being without access to any sort of public library, I am so anxious for some

books and magazines. I am teaching, and pass on what I receive to so many others, and I have found so much help in my school work from what the society has sent me. I desire particularly to thank the unknown friend who sends me the *Cheerful Letter*. I should like to have her address. I make an especial request for the current numbers of magazines after they have been read, so that I may read the serials as well as the other matter. I am particularly anxious for the copies of *Scribner's*, containing Mr. Roosevelt's articles on his African trip; also *Harper's*, *Century*, *Everybody's*, and the *Ladies' Home Journal*. I should be so glad of a few novels; among them, "Sir Richard Calmaday"; "A Spirit in Prison," by Hichens; any of Maurice Hewlett's books, except "Richard Yea and Nay"; "Wuthering Heights," by Emily Brontë; "The Wayfarers," by Mary Stewart Cutting. Address, Miss Annie L. Phillips, Pleasant View, Amherst County, Virginia.

2. I should be so glad to join the Cheerful Letter Society. I am seventeen years old, and live in the country where there is no library. I should be so glad of any books and magazines. I especially like the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Katie E. Shepherd, Sanddages, Virginia, R. F. D. 2.

3. Miss Abbie Farnsworth, Oskaloosa, Iowa, a young woman much shut in, and a sufferer from asthma, would be grateful for picture post-cards.

4. I should like very much to get a copy of Mills's "Logic" or, if not convenient, any other book of instruction that you could send me. I refer you to the Rev. A. W. Ford of this place. Walter William Baker, Windsor, Vermont. Care W. S. Lovell.

5. George D. Utter, Amity, Oregon, is anxious to have any books or journals on pharmacy, which he is studying.

6. Mrs. Mary J. King, Price, North Carolina, asks for "St. Elmo," "Robert Graham," and "Lynda Walton."

7. Mrs. Thomas H. Drummond, Box 28, R. F. D. 1, Sanddages, Amherst County, Virginia, asks for current numbers of any of the popular magazines, and for any interesting fiction, new or old, for herself and husband, also for picture books and story books and pictures for her little girls of seven and five. She has been sick all the winter. She is especially anxious to receive a few

mazines regularly. She would be so glad of late numbers of the *Delineator* or any other good fashion periodical.

8. Any reading matter suitable for children that you may send to Miss Florence S. Nicholson, El Paso, Arkansas, will be duly appreciated both by myself and Florence. She is the eldest of a family of children, about ten years old, very bright, attends the public school, in the fourth reader, but is in the country and has no access to a library or any reading matter outside of her school books. If you have any copies of the *Youth's Companion* or anything of that class, I am sure it will be duly appreciated. N. E. Nicholson.

9. Anything on Chili or Central America will be appreciated by Mr. E. Keslin, Fountain Spring House, Waukesha, Wisconsin.

10. I wish to thank each and every one for the nice birthday and Christmas cards, book, and so forth that were sent me. My health has been bad this winter, and I did enjoy them so much. Would be glad of anything to read. Please remember your old friend, B. A. Short, Elansville, Virginia.

11. It has been many months since I wrote the *Cheerful Letter*, and I now come asking for the *Delineator* or some other good magazine for women, 1910, and anything to help make home attractive to little children. The *Cheerful Letter* has helped me when my oldest little boy was a three-year-old; and I come to you again, now that the second boy is needing pretty things, while his "big brother" of eight goes to school. Anything for kindergarten children, little books or blocks or pictures, would make this baby happy, and the bigger boy also enjoys pictures and books of biography and of birds and animals. Mrs. Sue Turbyfill, Lugert, Oklahoma.

12. It has been some time since I wrote you, and I want to thank all who have remembered me so kindly. I still suffer from asthma, am not able to do anything. I am now nineteen years of age, and would like any nice books, especially, "Inez" and "Beulah," by Augusta J. Evans, and "In His Steps," by Rev. Charles M. Sheldon; or any good reading matter. Viola Hardigree, Winder, Georgia, R. F. D. 19, Box 41.

13. Mrs. Sallie Bryant asks for the *Ladies' Home Journal*, which she will pass on. Address Mrs. Bryant, at Jacksboro, Texas.

14. The matron of Cary House, the girls' dormitory of Proctor Academy, has told us several times that good girls' books are needed in that building. The books they have have been read many times, and plain, wholesome stories, as well as standard classics, would be much enjoyed. Proctor Academy is like a high school, and the younger girls could surely enjoy Miss Alcott, and for all ages Mrs. Whitney, Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, and such authors are always good. Address Cary House, care of Mrs. Lovell, Andover, New Hampshire.

15. Miss Annie B. Harris, Bumpass, Virginia, R. F. D. 1, Box 88, will appreciate any good reading; also her brother Coleman, sixteen years of age, will be glad to receive suitable reading.

16. The *Youth's Companion* would give enjoyment to Miss Hastley James, New Gloucester, Maine.

17. Mrs. C. C. Foreman, Fisher, North Carolina, is very anxious for something to read. She lives in the country, has no children, and is much alone.

18. Anything which treats of flowers and vegetables will be appreciated by Mrs. M. L. Daniell, Farmville, Virginia.

19. Mrs. Joanna Crook, Norwood, North Carolina, R. F. D. 2, will be glad of light reading.

20. I wish to thank all the dear *Cheerful Letter* friends for reading kindly sent me. I have greatly appreciated the *Cheerful Letter*, and would be so glad if some one would send me any old magazines and the *Youth's Companion*. I have five small children, including my fifteen-year-old brother. Mrs. Etta A. Raynor, Speonk, New York.

21. "Green Mountain Boys," "History of Scotland," or any State History will be gratefully received by Joseph Hazeltine, Watertown, South Dakota.

22. Hawthorne's Works and Lowell's Essays and Poems will be of great help to Mrs. W. B. H. Blandford in her study of literature. Mrs. Blandford has lived in Dover, North Carolina, nine years, taking up the *Cheerful Letter* work when Mrs. Galloway moved away. She writes that Dover, which is a saw-mill town, has improved wonderfully, and she feels that a great deal of the intellectual impetus which the town has shown

has been due to the magazines and books sent by the Exchange. Mrs. Blandford has three children, two boys and a girl, aged eight, four, and two years.

23. Mrs. Susan Rice, Highlands, North Carolina, a teacher, asks for two copies of "Seven Little Sisters"; "Songs of the Season," Mary Best Jones; Tennyson's "Idyls of the King"; and Webster's Common School Dictionary.

24. Willa Clements, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, care S. A. Horton, National Building, asks for "Their Hearts' Desire," F. F. Perry; "The Goose Girl," H. McGrath; "The Wiving of Lance Cleaverage," by Alice MacGowan; "A Certain Rich Man," White; "We and Our Neighbors," and "My Wife and I."

25. Mrs. Kate P. Tyson, Ansonville, North Carolina, a shut-in from lung trouble and not able to buy, will be glad of any reading.

26. Will you let me be one of your many members? We have six children, and would be glad of books or magazines for girls, fifteen and seventeen, and short stories for a boy of thirteen. They are real fond of reading, though we are not able to buy suitable reading for them, and would be glad if some of the sisters would send me the *Ladies' Home Journal*, back numbers, commencing September, 1909. Alice E. Jarrett, Preston, Virginia.

27. Mrs. S. A. Holloway, Vega, Texas, asks for "The Christian in the World," D. W. Faunce; "The To-morrow of Death," Louis Figuier; "Life in Heaven," "Heaven our Home."

28. The young people in Lake Andes, South Dakota, are trying to organize a library, and will be very glad to receive any suitable contributions. The minister of the place is interested and willing to help, and the books will be well cared for and kept together. Lake Andes is a new country, [the people all interested in making] new homes, and are amid the hardships and privation subject to a new country. Books may be sent to Mrs. Lou M. Freeman, Lake Andes, South Dakota.

29. Mrs. George G. Saville, 33 Saville Avenue, Quincy, Mass., would like any American literature by standard authors for use in home study.

A letter from the sister of Mrs. Elva Robinson of Marion, Virginia, whose request was in the February number, tells us that Miss Robinson has been very ill, and in a hospital for surgical treatment, which will explain the absence of acknowledgments for the reading sent.

Mrs. Jane H. Annesley, Spearfish, South Dakota, wishes to thank the lady who sent her English Ballads. The wrappers were destroyed before the address was taken. She enjoyed so much singing the songs which she sang fifty years ago, and writes, "The bright souls working with you are sending cheer in many homes."

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Mrs. R. J. Venable is now Ouachita Bottom, Camden, Arkansas.

Mrs. B. F. Walker may now be addressed at Walker, Idaho, which is only a mile away instead of five to Murray, the former address.

DIED.

Mrs. Sue E. Quisenberry, St. Just, Orange County, Virginia, died on October 15.

Edward Davis of Lineville, Iowa, from heart failure.

Miss Carrie L. Bean, West Derby, Vermont.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

A GOOD TEACHER.

(Continued from last number.)

There was an old chestnut-tree in the pasture, in which I had arranged a seat, and there I often sat, surrounded by the thick, shady branches, and read the most interesting books I could discover in my grandfather's library. As this consisted largely of books of theology, Latin and Greek classics, or learned works in Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese, I found it difficult to suit myself. There was "Rasselas," which pretended to be a story, but was only a long string of moralizing. But among some numbers of *The Monthly Anthology*, I found the translation, by Sir William Jones, of the Hindoo play "Sakoontala," and there was an old edition of Shakespeare in a number of duodecimo volumes. The tradition in the family was that these volumes came ashore when the English man-of-war "Somerset" was wrecked on Cape Cod. Some of the volumes were missing, but this on the whole was an advantage,

for it gave a certain aspect of infinity to the author. For aught I knew there might be a hundred more plays of Shakespeare. And as we think more of the lost books of Tacitus than of those we possess, because the contents of these unread pages fill the imagination with conjectures, so the plays of Shakespeare which I did not have made an ideal penumbra of beauty round those I was reading. There was also a volume of "Elegant Extracts" in verse, by Vicesimus Knox, which contained very good reading. From that volume I learned something of Spenser and Dryden, Swift and Pope. I even found some amusement in "Bailey's English Dictionary," which often gave little historic and biographic anecdotes about the words, expatiating in a delightful way while illustrating their meaning. I learned from it a little of everything, and can still repeat the names and descriptions of the "Ten honorable Ordinaries" in Heraldry as I there learned them for my amusement. It also contained tables for making Latin hexameters by a mechanical process; and other like matters, which are far below the dignity of a modern dictionary.

I confess to a weakness for such old-fashioned text-books, which condescend a little to the infirmities of beginners. School-books are now composed by scholars who wish to show off their learning to other scholars, and who scorn what is elementary. A school treatise on algebra is composed as if intended for profound mathematicians. A Latin grammar prepared for boys ten years old goes into the mysteries of philology. A new edition of Virgil shows that the editor has ransacked all the studies on etymology and syntax in order to make a show of recondite learning in his foot-notes. How much better for boys the old Delphin editions of the classics, which, fortunately for me, were still in use in my days! There the words were arranged in the margin in the order of construction, and the foot-notes gave us explanations which made the matter clear. And at the end what a copious index, which gave us words and phrases! Besides this we had other helps, such as the "Gradus ad Parnassum," and for some books an interlined translation. Instead of the modern astronomies which bristle with mathematical formulas, we had "The Young Gentleman's Astronomy," in which the author announces that it is written, "not to advance learning, but to assist learners," and boldly declares his intention to begin at the beginning.—"*Autobiography of James Freeman Clarke*," edited by Edward Everett Hale.

NATURAL HISTORY.

WELCOME THE BIRDS.

(Continued from last number.)

Now let us see, as this springtime approaches, what we can do to welcome the birds and to make them feel that we want them about our homes, about our school buildings, and even round about our public buildings. Since efforts have been made to protect birds, a good many that used to be very shy have come to find that they are safer where there are people. They are building in bird-houses that are put up for them by thoughtful naturalists and others. This gives us an opportunity to enjoy them and their songs near our homes. In many places in this country boys and girls make bird-houses and put them up in convenient places out of doors. Here are some suggestions to be followed in making and placing the houses for your summer boarders:—

1. Birds do not like new wood and paint.
2. The floor space of the house should be about six inches by eight inches.
3. For wrens and chickadees the doorway should be an inch-and-a-half auger hole. For bluebirds, tree-swallows, or martins the doorway should measure two inches. A perch should be placed beneath each doorway.
4. See that your bird-house is out of the reach of cats and other enemies.

In considering bird enemies, perhaps the one most to be feared by them is the household cat. It is her nature, you know, to go in search of prey, particularly at night. Of course she does not know the harm that is being done when she enters the bird home and takes the young and the parent birds. Last summer I saw a nest of song-sparrows one afternoon all so comfortable and happy, with the mother as merry and contented as any little mother could be. The following morning there was nothing left of the family except a wing of the mother. There was evidence of a struggle. She had tried to save her babies; but they were all gone, a whole family in a single night, and I knew that the cat was responsible. Now we must see what we can do to prevent these tragic things from happening this year in the bird world.

Some people who have had experience say that cats can be taught to let the birds alone. You must always have in mind, when you punish your cat, that she needs to be taught as a little child should be taught, and, while you punish her so that she will remember, you must not do it in a cruel

way. Keep her shut up at night during the nesting season, for it is then that she will do the most harm. You should also keep her well fed, that she may not need to search for food. Place around her neck a bell that makes a good deal of noise as she goes through the garden and along the wayside, for this will warn the birds of her approach.

One of the best suggestions that has recently come to my notice for protecting birds from cats is as follows: Place a shelf of tin or wood around a tree in which birds nest. It should be about eight feet from the ground. This will prevent puss from climbing the tree and at the same time provide a table for the birds. A clever naturalist removed the bottom from an old tin pan, and stretched the remaining part around the tree for a bird shelf. Tin is better than wood for this purpose, although wood is sometimes used. If you make such a shelf, place some fresh water on it occasionally and also some food for the birds.

In his book entitled "Our Native Birds," D. Lange suggests surrounding the tree with several coils of barbed wire to keep the cats from climbing it. I think, however, the shelf is a better device.

Be sure to begin your welcome for the birds right away. They will soon be here; and won't they be surprised to find everything so convenient for housekeeping! I wish you would write to us and let us know what arrangements you have made for these merry little summer visitors.

—Alice McCloskey.

MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

The migration of birds is by no means the *least* interesting part of their history. How often do we observe, when looking out upon some bright morning of spring, that while the air seems laden with fresh odors, it also bears upon its bosom a soft aerial music, a sweet, incessant warble, the song of thousands of merry little travellers, fresh from the distant South! Each day for weeks in succession seems to bring new arrivals, until at last we welcome the tardy little humming-bird, which, although swift of wing, is often among the last in the train.

Birds frequently perform their migrations at night, halting at convenient distances, sometimes spending many days in a congenial spot, and only leaving it as the advance of the season warns them of the necessity of completing their journey. The rapidity with which some species travel through the air on these occasions has been

the subject of much speculation. It is a well-ascertained fact that their swiftness is so great as far to surpass any speed which it is in the power of man to produce, and has been known sometimes to be equivalent to one hundred miles an hour. The males generally arrive a few days in advance of the females, as though for the purpose of reconnoitring and finding out suitable places to locate their nests; and the coming of the females is a signal for the choosing of mates, and making general preparations for the accommodation of a family.—From "*Our Own Birds*," by William L. Bailey.

AN APPEAL TO WOMEN'S CLUBS.

An "old subscriber" from Michigan writes to the editor of the *New Unity* as follows:—

"After reading your protest in *The New Unity* of November 19 against the use of birds for millinery, I determined to try what could be done through women's clubs to make the practice unpopular. I have secured the adoption of a resolution in our club that no member will purchase a bird or a part of one for the purpose of wearing the same on her hat. I am going to see what can be done in extending the work among other clubs."

If anything can be done in America to check this horrid barbarism of our modern civilization, our correspondent has struck upon the right solution; for the women's clubs throughout the country are the centres both of social and intellectual power among women. At these clubs and not in the churches do they most freely and adequately express themselves. But for once and for almost the first time in our life we are inclined to take a gloomy view of a subject. It is impossible for the eye once made sensitive to this atrocity to have rest or relief in church or theatre or street car. Sunday and week day there are continuous suggestions of death cries of parent birds and starvation agonies of birdlings, and these suggestions are worn not by the uncultivated and the unthinking, but by the conscious guardians of culture, those who have accepted reform as a vocation and who make civic improvement their business. Look upon an audience of well-dressed women in these days. It is like looking upon a great flock of impaled birds, as if a tropic jungle had been rounded up and all the beautiful feathered inmates within the territory had been impaled alive and skewered upon the heads of the women. Can the women's clubs do anything? In the name of the

birds, God's songsters, man's friends, the animate flowers of nature, we pass on the petition to this last court of appeal. What will the women's clubs do about it?

BIOGRAPHY.

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

"The part of my work for women to which I look back with most satisfaction was that in which I labored to obtain protection for unhappy wives, beaten, mangled, mutilated, or trampled on by brutal husbands. One day in 1878 I was by chance reading a newspaper in which a whole series of frightful cases of this kind were recorded, here and there, among the ordinary news of the time. I got up out of my armchair, half dazed, and said to myself, 'I will never rest till I have tried what I can do to stop this.'

"I thought anxiously what was the sort of remedy I ought to endeavor to put forward. A Parliamentary Blue Book had been printed in 1875 entitled 'Reports on the State of the Law relating to Brutal Assaults,' and the following is a summary of the results: There was a large consensus of opinion that the law as it now stands is insufficient for its purposes. Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, Mr. Justice Lush, Mr. Justice Mellor, Chief Baron Kelly, Barons Bramwell, Pigott, and Pollock, all expressed the same judgment (pp. 7-19). Of Chairmen of Quarter Sessions sixty-four (out of sixty-eight whose answers were sent to the Home Office), and the Recorders of forty-one towns were in favor of flogging. After all this testimony of the opinions of experts (collected, of course, at the public expense) *three years* elapsed during which absolutely nothing was done to make any practical use of it! During the interval, scores of bills, *interesting to the represented sex*, passed through Parliament; but this question on which the lives of women literally hung was never mooted! Something like five thousand women, judging by the published judicial statistics, were in those years 'brutally assaulted',—i.e., not merely struck, but maimed, blinded, burned, trampled on by strong men in heavy shoes, and in many cases murdered outright,—and thousands of children were brought up to witness scenes which (as Colonel Leigh said) 'infernalize a whole generation.' Where lay the fault? Scarcely with the government, or even with Parliament, but with the simple fact that, under our present constitution, women, having no votes, can only exceptionally and through favor bring pressure to bear to force attention even at the

most crying of injustices under which they suffer. The Home Office *must* attend first to the claims of those who can bring pressure to bear on it; and the members of Parliament *must* bring in the measures pressed by their constituents; and thus the unrepresented *must* go to the wall.

"The cases of cruelty of which I obtained statistics, furnished to me mainly by the kindness of Miss A. Shore, almost surpassed belief. It appeared that about 1,500 cases of aggravated (over and above ordinary) assaults on wives took place every year in England; on an average about four a day. Many of them were of truly incredible savagery; and the victims were in the vast majority of cases not drunken viragos (who usually escape violence or give as good as they receive), but poor, pale, shrinking creatures who strove to earn bread for their children and to keep together their miserable homes, and whose very tears and pallor were reproaches which provoked the *heteropathy* and cruelty of their tyrants.

"After much reflection I came to the conclusion that, in spite of all the authority in favor of flogging the delinquents, it was *not* expedient on the women's behalf that they should be so punished, since after they had undergone such chastisement, however well merited, the ruffians would inevitably return more brutalized and infuriated than ever, and again have their wives at their mercy. The only thing really effective, I considered, was to give the wife the power of separating herself and her children from her tyrant. Of course in the upper ranks, where people could afford to pay for a suit in the Divorce Court, the law had for some years opened to the assaulted wife this door of escape. But among the working classes, where the assaults were tenfold as numerous and twenty times more cruel, no legal means whatever existed of escaping from the husband returning after punishment to beat and torture his wife again. I thought the thing to be desired was the extension of the privilege of rich women to their poorer sisters, to be effected by an act of Parliament which should give the wife, whose husband had been convicted of an aggravated assault on her, the power to obtain a separation order under summary jurisdiction.

"Mr. Alfred Hill, J.P., of Birmingham, son of my old friend Recorder Hill, most kindly interested himself in my project, and drafted a bill to be presented to Parliament embodying my wishes. Meanwhile, I set about writing an article setting forth the extent of the evil, the failure of the measures heretofore taken in various acts

of Parliament, and, finally, the remedy I proposed. This article my friend Mr. Percy Bunting was good enough to publish in the *Contemporary Review* in the spring of 1878. I also wrote an article in *Truth* on 'Wife Torture,' afterwards reprinted. Meanwhile, I had obtained the most cordial assistance from Mr. Frederick Pennington and Mr. Hopwood, both of whom were then in Parliament, and it was agreed that I should beg Mr. Russell Gurney to take charge of the bill which these gentlemen would support. I went accordingly, armed with the draft bill, to the recorder's house in Kensington Palace Gardens, and, as I anxiously desired to find him at home, I ventured to call as early as 10.30. Mr. Gurney read the draft bill carefully and entirely approved it. 'Then,' I said, 'you will take charge of it, I earnestly hope?' 'No,' said Mr. Gurney, 'I cannot do that. I am too old and overworked to undertake all the watching and labor which may be necessary; but I will put my name on the back of it with pleasure.'

"I knew, of course, that his name would give the measure great importance and also help me to find some other M.P. to take charge of it, so I would not but thank him gratefully. At that moment of our interview, his charming wife entered the room leading a little boy, I believe his nephew. Naturally I apologized to Mrs. Gurney for my presence at that unholy hour of the morning, and said, 'I came to Mr. Gurney, in my anxiety, as the friend of women.' Mr. Gurney, hearing me, put his hands on the little boy's shoulder, and said to him: 'Do you hear that, my boy? I hope that, when you are an old man, as I am, some lady like Miss Cobbe may call you *the friend of women*.'

"At last, the bill, embodying precisely the purport of that drawn up for me by Mr. Hill, and subsequently published in the *Contemporary Review*, was read a first time, the names of Mr. Herschel (now Lord Herschel) and Sir Henry Holland (afterwards Lord Knutsford) being on the back of it. Every arrangement was made for the second reading, and for avoiding the opposition which we expected to meet from a party which seems always to think that by calling certain unions 'holy' a church can sanctify that which has become a bond of savage cruelty on one side and soul-degrading slavery on the other. Just at this crisis Lord Penzance, who was bringing a bill into the House of Lords to remedy some defects concerning the costs of the intervention of the Queen's Proctor in matrimonial causes,

introduced into it a clause dealing with the case of the assaulted wives, and giving them precisely the benefit contemplated in our bill and in my article; namely, that of separation orders to be granted by the same magistrates who have convicted the husband of aggravated assaults upon them. That Lord Penzance had seen our bill, then before the Lower House (it was ordered to be printed February 14), and had had his attention called to the subject, either by it or by my article in the *Contemporary Review*, I have taken as probable, but have no exact knowledge. I went at once to call on him and thank him from my heart for undertaking to do this great service of mercy for women, and also to pray him to consider certain points about the custody of the children of such assaulted wives. Lord Penzance received me with the utmost kindness and likewise gave favorable consideration to a letter or two which I ventured to address to him. It is needless to say that his advocacy of the measure carried it through the House of Lords without opposition. I believe that in speaking for it he said that, if any noble Lord needed proof of the grievous want of such protection for wives, he would find it in my article, which he held in his hand.

"There was still, we feared, an ordeal to go through in the House of Commons; but the fates and hours were propitious, and the bill, coming in late one night as already passed by the House of Lords, and with Lord Penzance's name on it, escaped opposition and was accepted without debate.

"At first the magistrates were very chary of granting separation orders. One London police magistrate said that the House of Commons would never put such power in the hands of one of the body; and he was, I suppose, proportionately startled when just six weeks later it actually lay in his own. By degrees, however, the practice of granting the orders on proper occasions became common, and appears now to be almost a matter of course. I hope that at least a hundred poor souls each year thus obtain release from their tormentors, and probably the deterrent effect of witnessing such manumission of ill-treated slaves may have still more largely served to protect women from the violence of brutal husbands.

"Six years after the act was passed in 1884, I received a letter from a very energetic and prominent woman-worker with whom I had a slight acquaintance in which the following passages occur. I quote them here (though with some hesitation on the score of vanity) for they have comforted me

much and deeply, and will do so to my life's end.

"On Wednesday last I was two hours with a widow of O. near W., — one of those persons who *make* a country, so good, brave, loving, and hardworking! For thirty-three long years she lived with a fiend of a husband and suffered furious blows, kicks, and attacks with ropes, hot water, and crockery; was hurled down cellar steps, starved and insulted. All the time up early and at work managing a large shop and superintending thirty-five girls. . . .

"I wish you could have been there to hear her tell me that "the law was altered now," and how her niece had got a separation for brutal treatment; and (best of all) "her two bairns" (children). As for the eight shillings a week ordered—the wife "never bothers after that." The Lord has stopped that villain's ways, and she wants no more. I could not help crying as I looked at the exquisitely clean person and home, the determined face, and thought of the diabolical horrors this good clever woman had gone through. I told her how you had got the law altered, and she kept saying: "She's a lady—she's a lady. Bring her to O., Missis! and we'll *percession* her down t' street!" . . .

"You have love and gratitude from our hearts, I assure you: we live wider lives and better for your presence. I have ventured to write freely on a subject some would find wearisome, but your heart is big and will sympathize; and I am always longing for you to know the active result of your achieved work. This: that poor, battered, bruised women are relieved, are safer, and bless you, and so do I, from a full heart."—*Autobiography of Frances Power Cobbe.*

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of *The Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins, or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on next page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Subscriptions to *The Cheerful Letter* should be sent to the chairman, Miss H. L. Bayley, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Make checks payable to *The Cheerful Letter*.

AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, Canton Corner, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

A ZIGZAG.

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1. A synonym for power.
2. Children's playthings.
3. A synonym for a clumsy fellow.
4. A spherical shell, fired from mortars.
5. A synonym for lazy.
6. A pavilion of canvas.
7. To stop.
8. A metal.
9. A small fresh water duck.
10. A synonym for a poet.

My whole is a mountain in New Hampshire.

II.

CHARACTERISTIC INITIALS.

1. Worldly Willy.
2. Amiable and Pleasant Carollers.
3. Griselda's Chronicler.
4. Truly Humorous.
5. Great Genius, Naughty Boy.

—Selected.

III.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

- In agent, but not in frost.
 In December, but not in April.
 In debate, but not in honor.
 In ire, but not in joy.
 In seesaw, but not in war.
 In book, but not in paper.
 In Nones, but not in Ides.

My whole gives the names of two famous authors born in May.

IV.

HEROES AND HEROINES.

In what books do they figure?

1. Matty Bumpo.
2. Lizzie Hexam.
3. Pluppy Shute.
4. Ester.
5. Chingachkook.
6. Rachel Wardle.

Answers to Puzzles in the April Number.

- I. BIRDS.—1. Robin. 2. Sparrow. 3. Seagull. 4. Kingfisher. 5. Blackbird. 6. Bluebird.

II. ACROSTIC.—S A V A N N A H
G A N Y M E D E
D O G B E R R Y
B E A U P O R T
B E R K E L E Y
B U C H A N A N
S C H I L L E R
I N S A N I T Y

III. A DIAMOND.— W
T O O
W O L F E
O F F
E

IV. A USEFUL LETTER.—C—Ode—code;
enter—center; ant—cant; age—cage; ease—
cease; old—cold.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

Headquarters of the Cheerful Letter Exchange are at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

The office of secretary has been discontinued; but the chairman, Miss Helen L. Bayley, may be found at headquarters on Monday and Thursday mornings.

There will be a meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange on Friday, May 6, at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, at 10.30 A.M. All interested are cordially invited to be present.

The Home Study Work of the Cheerful Letter Exchange offers to help those who wish to improve their education. Lessons will be given in all subjects which can be taught by correspondence, such as Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Algebra, all branches of English, History, Botany, Geography, Languages, Drawing, etc.

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THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to Headquarters.

The Editor asks POSTMASTERS who send notices of changes of address not to send these notices to the Editor, but to the Chairman, at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Send requests for books and letters of thanks to the Book Club Secretary.

Any subscriber not receiving the paper regularly is requested to notify the Chairman.

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